

"EVER SO FAR AWAY"



as sung by
WILLIAM WOLFF
OF THE
SOUTHWELL OPERA
COMPANY
IN
"THE PRINCESS
NICOTINE"

=
WORDS
BY
C. BYRNE
AND
LOUIS HARRISON
MUSIC BY
WILLIAM FURST
=

William Wolff as Don Pedro.
in The Princess Nicotine

PHOTO BY
ALISKY

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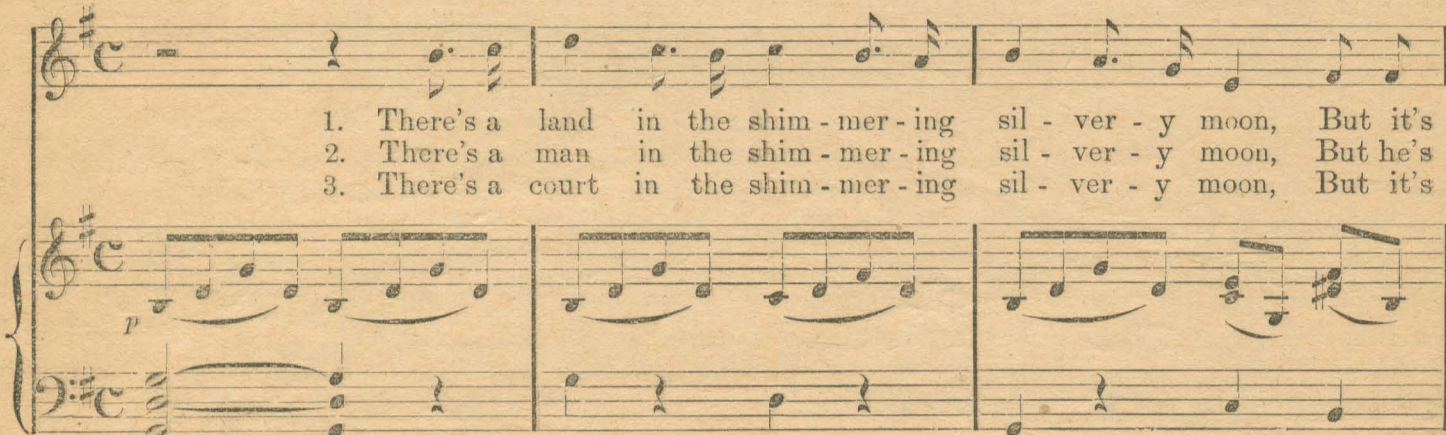
Musical Supplement to the Sunday Examiner.

"But It's Ever So Far Away"

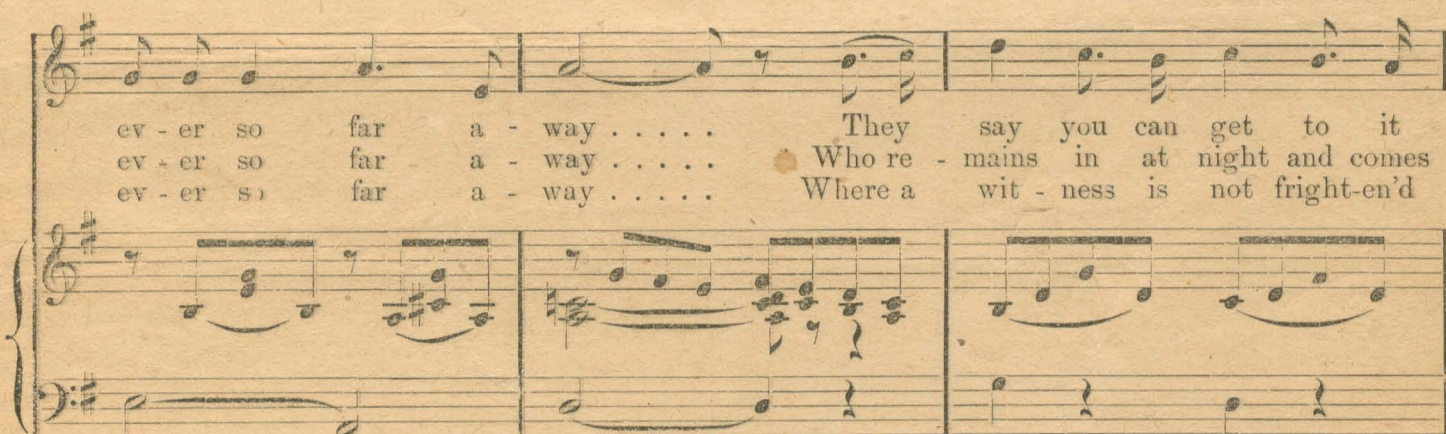
Words by C. A. BYRNE and LOUIS HARRISON.

Music by WILLIAM FURST.

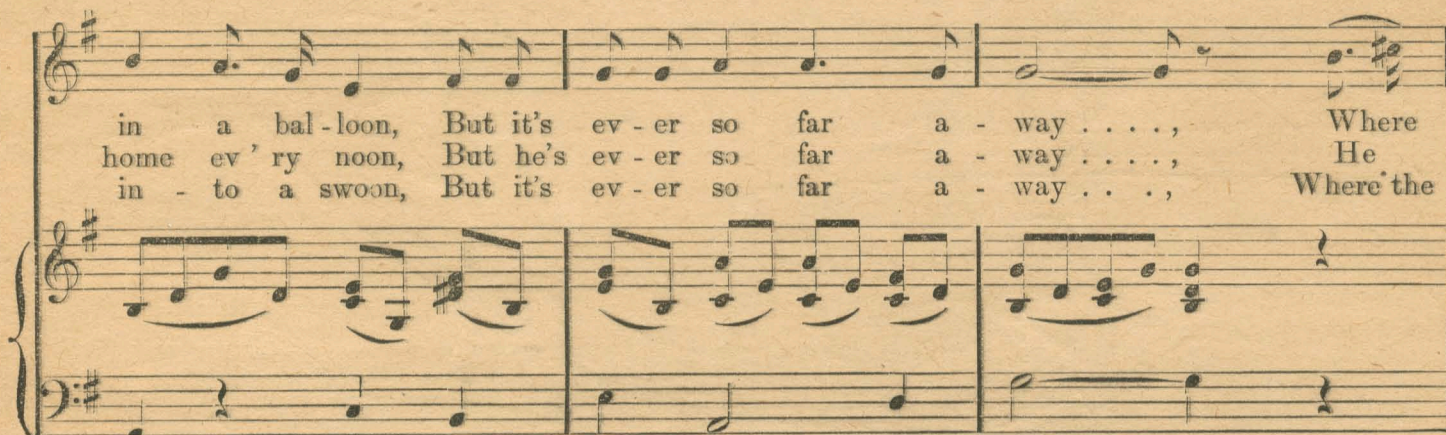
Andante.



1. There's a land in the shim-mer-ing sil-ver-y moon, But it's
2. There's a man in the shim-mer-ing sil-ver-y moon, But he's
3. There's a court in the shim-mer-ing sil-ver-y moon, But it's



ev-er so far a-way They say you can get to it
ev-er so far a-way Who re-mains in at night and comes
ev-er so far a-way Where a wit-ness is not fright-en'd



in a bal-loon, But it's ev-er so far a-way , Where
home ev'ry noon, But he's ev-er so far a-way , He
in-to a swoon, But it's ev-er so far a-way , Where the

sel - fish-ness, jeal - ous - y, ha - tred and care, Are things that the peo - ple know
nev - er com - plains of the size of his head, And at nine he is nev - er out -
cas - es are read - y for tri - al when called, Where the ju - ry are not by the

rall. *a tempo.* *con forza.*
noth - ing of there, For the men are all pure and the wo - men all fair, But it's
side of his bed, It is need - less to say that this par - ty is dead, For he's
law - yer ap - palled, Where you can - not ap - peal and ap - peal till you're bald, But it's

rall. *a tempo.*
> ev - er > so > far - a - way, But it's ev - er so far a
> ev - er > so > far - a - way, But he's ev - er so far a
> ev - er > so > far - a - way, But it's ev - er so far a

way, far a - way, far a - way, For the
way, far a - way, far a - way, It is
way, far a - way, far a - way, Where you

men are all pure and the wo - men all fair, But its
need - less to say that this par - ty is dead, For he's
can - not ap - peal and ap - peal - till you're bald, But its

rall.

ev - er so far a - - - way
ev - er so far a - - - way
ev - er so far a - - - way

rall.

4. There's a flat in the shimmering silvery moon,
But it's ever so far away,
Where there's room for a plate, knife and fork and a spoon,
But it's ever so far away,
Where the janitor leaves you enough for a drink,
Where you don't have to fold up the bed when you think,
||: Where the glassware is safe if you happen to wink,
But it's ever so far away. *(fine)*
But it's ever so far away, far away, far away, :||
5. There's a wife in the shimmering silvery moon,
But she's ever so far away,
When she goes to the opera, starts dressing at noon,
But she's ever so far away,
And the husband don't have to stand cussing his fate,
Because for the second or third act he's late,
||: On account of her new hat not being on straight,
But she's ever so far away. *(fine)*
But she's ever so far away, far away, far away, :||
6. There's a girl in the shimmering silvery moon,
But she's ever so far away,
She plays a piano that's always in tune,
But she's ever so far away.
She sings of the picture that's turn'd towards the wall,
And I dreamt that I dwelt in a grand marble hall,
||: But I hope if she ever sings after the ball,
I'll be ever so far away. *(fine)*
I'll be ever so far away, far away, far away. ||: